

## NEW LEADER BOBS UP IN THE RACE FOR CONEY'S KING

Martin Rowan Jumps to the Front With 8,622 Votes to His Credit.

### VOTE TO DATE FOR KING OF THE CONEY MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL.

Marty Rowan, Marty Rowan	8,622
Henry Kelly, Harlemites Club	4,738
A. C. Broadway, Hudson Tunnel	4,738
William D. Kelle, Quartet Club	3,876
Maurice Costello, Moving Picture Actor	2,508
John Savarese, Cashier Fire Dept.	1,880
George H. Blakely, Sea Beach Palace	545
Andrew B. Vacenda, Panama D. C.	619
Frederick A. C. Schaefer, B. C.	521
Lou Liffman, Optima Club	484
Jacob Deng, Quincy S. C.	364
Thomas F. Hawkins, M. W. of A.	310
John A. Grier, Essex S. C.	310
Frank A. Miller, Moving Picture Operatives	297
William B. Kraemer, I. O. O. F.	284
Irving Osborn, Flatbush Gas	257
John J. Curran, I. A. A. A.	257
Emil Klein, I. O. O. F.	210
Frank J. McDermott, West Side Y. M. C. A.	304

The last ballot coupon will appear in tomorrow's Evening World, and the polls in the election of a King for the Coney Island Mardi Gras and Carnival of Fun, who is to be crowned next Monday evening in the great ballroom at Luna Park to reign for the rest of the week over the revels, will be closed Thursday noon. No ballots will be received after the clock strikes 12.

There is a new leader in the field today, Martin Rowan's Democratic Club, Brooklyn, having sent their chief to the front with 8,622 votes, and the efforts of Arthur C. Broadway's former associates on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit and his new mates on the Hudson Tunnel Railway netted over 3,000 votes and that put him in third place with 4,816, William D. Kelle dropping to fourth place, while three candidates received enough to get their names on the running list—Emil Klein, John Alexander Grier and Frank J. McDermott, the athlete of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association.

The friends of Henry Kelly, however, are going to have a last night's fight upon which they depend for victory. It will be an "Inner-Club Rally" in the support of Henry Kelly for King of the Coney Island Mardi Gras, according to the announcements which greet the eye from every dead wall and billboard in Yorkville, Harlem and the Bronx. It will be at the headquarters of the Hudson Tunnel Railway, the headquarters of that organization and the Broadway Field Club, Monarch Athletic and Social Club, Glenwood A. C. and Morningside A. C.

The ballot appears in every edition of The Evening World. Cut them out and bring them with you. Prizes will be given to those who bring the largest number, second and third highest," says the announcement. There will be a musical performance by the Harlemites, a dance and refreshments, and John White, Kelly's campaign manager, hopes to net a van-load of votes for his candidate. There are a suit of clothes, a watch and chain and a scarf pin hung up as prizes for the workers for Kelly by three Harlem merchants. These contests will not close until tomorrow night, and Mr. White looks for another van-load from them and an all night job for his coworkers at the Broadway Field Club stamping Kelly's name on the blank ballots delivered there.

### TRYING TO CATCH BIRD, BOY FALLS 5 STORIES.

Lad of Fifteen Fatally Injured When He Topples Off Roof.

Francis Hunter, a fifteen-year-old schoolboy, whose home is at No. 40 West Sixty-seventh street, tried to catch a wounded pigeon on a nearby roof early today, but instead fell five stories to the pavement, and now lies beyond hope of recovery in Flower Hospital.

He and his younger brother, Bobbie, saw the pigeon fluttering about on the roof of the house at No. 24, and with a net stretched on a long pole the two youngsters crossed the intervening roofs to snare the bird. In the enthusiasm of the chase, Francis did not realize that he was getting too close to the edge of the roof. He bounded forward to grasp the pigeon with his hands and toppled over the low coping. Dr. Markham came in the ambulance to carry the broken body away to a cot, but at the hospital it was found that the boy had received injuries which will doubtless bring death to him speedily.

### HUNGRY MAN ATE WOOD.

Aged Vagrant, Found Starving, Gets Six Months in Workhouse.

A white-haired old man of eighty, who declared that he had once been wealthy, was found early today lying on a pile of rubbish in front of No. 626 Grand street and chewing a piece of wood with which to allay the pangs of hunger.

Patrolman Kenny of the Clinton street station came upon the old man and assisted him to the police station. Sandwiches and coffee were brought, and the famished old man started to eat the sandwiches, paper wrappings and all. Arraigned before Magistrate Butts in the Essex Market Court on a charge of vagrancy he started to say: "I used to be rich at one time, but—" Then he stopped and not another word could be drawn from him. At first he said his name was Thomas Kane and that he had no home. Later he started to give another name and stopped. He was sent to the Workhouse for six months.

## Leading Candidate and Others In Contest for Carnival King



MARTIN ROWAN, MARTY ROWAN, D.C.

HENRY KELLY HARLEMITES CLUB

EMIL KLEIN I.O.O.F.

FRANK J. MCDERMOTT Y.M.C.A.

JOHN ALEXANDER GRIEF ESSEX S.C.

## BOMB IS EXPLODED IN THEATRE CROWD ON HARLEM STREET

Passerby Kicks It, Sputtering, From Doorway and Shouts a Warning to Throng.

Detectives are trying today to get a line on the blackmailers who last night pulled off the boldest bomb explosion Harlem has known in years. Antonio Salita, who has a barber shop at No. 236 Eighth avenue, is supposed to have been the target of the dynamite. The police say that six years ago kidnapers got one of his children, and he branded himself as an easy mark by paying the ransom demanded. Six weeks after the boy disappeared he was found wandering up and down One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, in which Salita then lived. Since then, according to the police, Salita has received many threatening letters.

While crowds were coming from the area in the neighborhood last night a bomb exploded at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Eighth avenue. Patrick Delaney of No. 236 Eighth avenue was passing the Salita barber shop when he heard a sizzling from the doorway, saw sparks and kicked a long black cylinder to the sidewalk.

"Stand back! Stand back!" he yelled to the crowd running up at the sight of the fire-sputtering object. "It's a bomb." He ran across the street as the crowd scattered, and the next moment the explosion came, shattering the big window of the barber shop. Crowds came running from all directions at the sound and many of the women became hysterical.

Reserves were rushed from the Lenox avenue and West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street stations and had a lively time quieting the excited men and women. The police think that but for Delaney's prompt action in kicking the bomb out to the sidewalk it would have blown in the whole front of the shop.

Salita denies ever paying money to kidnapers, but the police say they got after him too soon again after his boy was stolen to make his story convincing. Within the present year, it is understood, he has received other letters from them.

Old policemen, who have had many bomb explosions to deal with, say the one last night, at a time when the streets and sidewalks were packed and in the heart of Harlem, was the boldest they can remember.

Trade Union Congress. NEWPORT, England, Sept. 2.—The Trades Union Congress met here today in annual session with a large number of delegates in attendance. William J. Thorne, Labor M. P. and President of the congress, declared that unrest in labor circles will not cease until the laborers' present social inequalities are removed. He said that the object of all wage earners should be collective ownership of land and railways.

Charles Connolly of No. 1332 Commonwealth avenue, the Bronx, manager of Fairyland Park at Clason Point, halted Mounted Policeman Kennedy of the Westchester station early today and asked the time.

"Three-thirty," said Kennedy. "Oh, punk!" said Connolly in disgust. A woman in the gloom behind him gave a little scream of despair and behind her a second man said something short and ugly.

"And I suppose the last car is gone?" suggested Connolly.

"At 2 o'clock," said Kennedy with a cheerfulness which Connolly resented. "Who are you laughing at, you cheese headed monkey on a goat," he asked, or at least something to that effect. He then continued with his opinion of the street car company, the police in general, the stars, the moon, the streets and everything else that entered his mind.

"Well, what can I do about it?" asked Kennedy. "I can't take you on my horse, can I?"

The soft answer did not lessen Connolly's wrath.

"As a citizen I demand protection for

this lady and my friend and myself," said Connolly. "I demand that you escort us to Westchester. It is a lonely road and dark, and we might be held up."

"Come on!" said Kennedy as he got off and started up the road with his horse at his shoulder. Connolly and his companions made heavy going of it behind.

Kennedy stopped and listened occasionally to make sure they were still following. There was no trouble in hearing Connolly, who was still making loud noises about the street car company and the police. Kennedy was in a hurry, he explained to-day, because he wanted to reach a police telephone and account for himself at the station and he let them get half a mile behind.

It was started by a loud blast of a police whistle back on the road. He swung into the saddle and galloped back. The whistles kept on sounding and were being answered by the whistles of policemen in several directions responding to the call.

Kennedy found Connolly comfortably propped in a fence corner, blowing his cheeks out of sight while his companions looked on admiringly.

"I just wanted to see," said Connolly, "how long it would take for me to get help from some of you loafing policemen in case I was really attacked."

Just for that they arrested him in spite of his protest that he was once a policeman himself and therefore had a perfect right to experiment with police whistles. He was fined \$5 in Westchester Court this morning.

300,000 PUPILS IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—The Chicago public schools opened today after a ten-weeks' vacation. John D. Schoop, assistant superintendent of schools, estimated that the new enrollments will be 30,000 and that the total number of pupils for the first day will reach 300,000.

The parochial schools, which also open today, will have, it is estimated, an attendance of 50,000, bringing the city's number of school children up to 350,000.

Garroty by Elevator.

Doctor Gives Anesthetic to Pinned Man as Rescuers Work.

The elevator of an apartment house at No. 10 East Fifty-eighth street started unaccountably up from the fifth floor today while Joseph Ward, a painter, was working on the roof of the car. Ward was knocked down and his neck was caught between the ceiling of the next floor and the edge of the car.

The painter's screams were heard by the foreman, Frank Gure, who at once went to aid him, but was unable to budge the car, even with the aid of the elevator operator, Frank Jirenick. Policemen Nilan, after calling Dr. Markham from Flower Hospital, joined the men with no more success. The surgeon administered an anesthetic on his arrival. Ward died a few minutes later.

The policeman then asked for aid from Fire Headquarters, and Truck No. 2, in command of Battalion Chief Duffy, was sent to the building. The firemen with axes and crowbars chopped away part of the shaft wall and the stairway and got Ward's body out.

10 Cents. Never grips or aches. "CASCARETS WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP."

## TOOTED WHISTLE AS TEST OF COPS, HE IS ARRESTED

Fairyland Park Manager, Escorting Woman, Wanted to See "Lazy Loafers" Hurry.

Charles Connolly of No. 1332 Commonwealth avenue, the Bronx, manager of Fairyland Park at Clason Point, halted Mounted Policeman Kennedy of the Westchester station early today and asked the time.

"Three-thirty," said Kennedy. "Oh, punk!" said Connolly in disgust. A woman in the gloom behind him gave a little scream of despair and behind her a second man said something short and ugly.

"And I suppose the last car is gone?" suggested Connolly.

"At 2 o'clock," said Kennedy with a cheerfulness which Connolly resented. "Who are you laughing at, you cheese headed monkey on a goat," he asked, or at least something to that effect. He then continued with his opinion of the street car company, the police in general, the stars, the moon, the streets and everything else that entered his mind.

"Well, what can I do about it?" asked Kennedy. "I can't take you on my horse, can I?"

The soft answer did not lessen Connolly's wrath.

"As a citizen I demand protection for

this lady and my friend and myself," said Connolly. "I demand that you escort us to Westchester. It is a lonely road and dark, and we might be held up."

"Come on!" said Kennedy as he got off and started up the road with his horse at his shoulder. Connolly and his companions made heavy going of it behind.

Kennedy stopped and listened occasionally to make sure they were still following. There was no trouble in hearing Connolly, who was still making loud noises about the street car company and the police. Kennedy was in a hurry, he explained to-day, because he wanted to reach a police telephone and account for himself at the station and he let them get half a mile behind.

It was started by a loud blast of a police whistle back on the road. He swung into the saddle and galloped back. The whistles kept on sounding and were being answered by the whistles of policemen in several directions responding to the call.

Kennedy found Connolly comfortably propped in a fence corner, blowing his cheeks out of sight while his companions looked on admiringly.

"I just wanted to see," said Connolly, "how long it would take for me to get help from some of you loafing policemen in case I was really attacked."

Just for that they arrested him in spite of his protest that he was once a policeman himself and therefore had a perfect right to experiment with police whistles. He was fined \$5 in Westchester Court this morning.

300,000 PUPILS IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—The Chicago public schools opened today after a ten-weeks' vacation. John D. Schoop, assistant superintendent of schools, estimated that the new enrollments will be 30,000 and that the total number of pupils for the first day will reach 300,000.

The parochial schools, which also open today, will have, it is estimated, an attendance of 50,000, bringing the city's number of school children up to 350,000.

Garroty by Elevator.

Doctor Gives Anesthetic to Pinned Man as Rescuers Work.

The elevator of an apartment house at No. 10 East Fifty-eighth street started unaccountably up from the fifth floor today while Joseph Ward, a painter, was working on the roof of the car. Ward was knocked down and his neck was caught between the ceiling of the next floor and the edge of the car.

The painter's screams were heard by the foreman, Frank Gure, who at once went to aid him, but was unable to budge the car, even with the aid of the elevator operator, Frank Jirenick. Policemen Nilan, after calling Dr. Markham from Flower Hospital, joined the men with no more success. The surgeon administered an anesthetic on his arrival. Ward died a few minutes later.

The policeman then asked for aid from Fire Headquarters, and Truck No. 2, in command of Battalion Chief Duffy, was sent to the building. The firemen with axes and crowbars chopped away part of the shaft wall and the stairway and got Ward's body out.

## CHEER UP! IF HEADACHY, BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED—CASCARETS TONIGHT

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish intestines—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

They end the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach. They cleanse your Liver and Bowels of all the sour bile, foul gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery. A Cascaret to-night will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your head clear, stomach sweet, liver and bowels regular and make you feel cheerful and bully for months.

10 Cents. Never grips or aches. "CASCARETS WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP."

Replates All Metals Instantly

A Child Can Do It

Small Cost

Every Home Needs It

Price 50c Same Everywhere

SAMPLE OF SILVER VOLTITE FREE

Send 10c to cover cost of mailing, packing, &c., and we will send a sample of SILVER VOLTITE, a pretty JABOT PIN which you can instantly silver plate yourself, and interesting descriptive booklet.

FOR SALE AT ALL DRY GOODS STORES AND AT THE BEST DRUG, HARDWARE, GROCERY AND JEWELRY STORES.

AMERICAN VOLTITE CO.

Room 27, 225 West 39th Street

New York City

After wasting \$1,000 on his eczema, a jar of Resinol cured it

WHEN a man like Mr. Burt, late a Captain in the United States Army, writes that after he had suffered for many years with itching, burning eczema and had spent \$1,000 on treatments, one jar of Resinol Ointment (costing 50c) cured him, every word of his letter is of vital interest to other skin sufferers. Read it. Then try Resinol and see if it does not stop your itching instantly, and quickly remove all trace of your skin trouble, too.

Trial free: Resinol Ointment (50c and \$1.00) and Resinol Soap (25c) are ideal household remedies for skin and scalp troubles, pimples, dandruff, burns, wounds, sores, boils, and piles. Your druggist sells them, but for free samples of each, write Dept. 2, Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md. Resinol Shaving Stick (50c) cannot irritate the tenderest face.

U-M-M BEANS, THAT'S MY MIDDLE NAME

GIANTS

HELMAR

TURKISH CIGARETTES

Ten Cents

HOW WERY WEXING.

WHEN THE DEALER SAYS HE JUST SOLD THE LAST BOX OF HELMARS

This beautiful MEISTER Piano in mahogany, walnut or oak, will be sent to your home on thirty days' free trial. And if you like it and wish to keep it after the trial, we will let you pay for it at the rate of

\$1 a week or \$5 a month

We ask no interest on the payments. We want no cash payment down. We want no money deposited or advanced by you. And the piano must prove its worth and tone before we will ask you to buy it.

All MEISTER Pianos sold direct from the maker to you. No dealer's profits to pay.

We guarantee a saving of at least \$100 on each instrument.

\$175

Other styles of MEISTER Pianos at \$225, \$255, \$285 and \$350. Any of these will be sent to your home on a month's free trial.

We pay the freight outside of the city. SEND FOR OUR FREE PIANO BOOK.

Call at once and see the exquisite Meister Player-Piano at \$395. Sold on liberal weekly or monthly payments.

Rothschild & Company

NEW YORK BRANCH: CLARENDON BUILDING, S. E. Cor. 18th Street and 4th Avenue

Conveniently Reached by Subway and Madison Avenue Street Cars. TELEPHONE STUYVESANT 383-384